

Summer in Cambridge Maryland
We would jumped, screaming, into the river
we would sunbathed with hot-dogs and cherry cokes
We would share sweet secret kisses
On blankets with girls with thin bikinis
Rubbed down with baby oil
As the Holy Roller preacher
Cried and shouted
As he drips people in the river

Barry Wyatt Jr.
My songs are my prayers
Linking my songs creates my life story
Share my songs and prayers